

A TRAGEDY.

A soft-breasted bird from the sea Fell in love with the highhouse flame; And it wheeled round the tower on its airiest wing...

PAYING A DEBT.

The following story bears at least the merit of truth, having been told by my great-grandmother, who was, at the time she related it, over 80 years of age.

Long ago, in the reign of the good King George IV, there lived in the city of London a lady, who was noted alike for her beauty and her reckless extravagance.

Now, Lady Bertram possessed but £10,000 in the world, and as she had expensive tastes, and lived at the rate of £5,000 a year, she soon got into debt.

But if her beauty was powerless to effect her release, her brilliant wit did not desert her in her hour of need.

In those days every lady had her hair dressed by a barber, and the barber who was attached to the Fleet for the accommodation of the lady guests was a gentleman of Irish extraction, celebrated not only for his skill in hair dressing, but as the handsomest barber in the whole city of London.

One morning, when Terence was dressing her beautiful hair, Lady Bertram took it into her head to converse with the handsome barber and to flash upon him the glory of her very brightest smiles.

"Are you married, Terence?" she asked sweetly.

"Divil a marry! your honor's ladyship," said the barber.

"Well, but wouldn't you like to be married?" continued the lady, with a dazzling smile.

"Would a cow ate potatoes, your ladyship?"

"Is there any one you would like to marry particularly?"

"Well, madam," said the barber bashfully, "maybe you niver heard of Kathleen Phelan, down beyant Doneraile? Her father's cousin to O'Donahew, who's own steward to Mr. Murphy, the under-agent to my Lord Kingstown, and —"

"Never mind," said the lady impatiently. "I don't want to know who she is. But would she have you if you asked her?"

"Sure, I only wish I'd be after trying that same."

"Well, why don't you?"

"Sure I'm too poor; your honor's glory," said the barber, with a deep sigh.

"Would you like to be rich?"

"Does a dog bark, your honor?"

"If I make you rich, will you do as I tell you?"

"The saints betune us, and all evil! your honor, don't be after tantalizing a poor boy."

"I'm not going to," said Lady Bertram, "so listen. How would you like to marry me?"

"Ah, thin, my lady, it's the king of Rooshia himself would be proud to do that same, lave alone a poor divil like Terence O'Reilly."

"Well, O'Reilly, if you'll marry me tomorrow, I'll give you a thousand pounds."

"It's enchanted by the good people I am, sure."

"Well then, there's ten pounds. Go and buy a license, and leave the rest to me."

The next day, Terence was true to his appointment, and found two gentlemen already with her ladyship.

"Have you got the license?" said she.

"Here it is my lady," said the barber. She handed it to one of the gentlemen, who examined it carefully.

"Perform the ceremony," she said.

And sure enough, in ten minutes, Terence O'Reilly was the husband of the lovely Lady Bertram.

"That will do," she said to her new made husband, as he gave her a hearty kiss.

"That will do. Now sir, give me my marriage certificate."

The old gentleman did so, and bowing respectfully to the five pound note she handed him, he retired with his clerk, for he was the parson.

"Go and send the warden to me," said my lady to one of her servants, and presently the warden appeared.

"Will you be so kind," said Lady Bertram, in a voice that for sweetness might have called Eurydice back from the realms of darkness, "as to send and get me a hackney coach? I wish to leave this place immediately."

"Your ladyship forgets," replied the warden, "that you must pay £50,000 before I can let you go."

"I am a married woman. You can detain my husband, but not me." And she she smiled sweetly at Terence, who began to feel vaguely uneasy.

"Pardon me my lady, but it is well known you are single."

"I tell you, I am married."

"Then where is your husband?"

"There, sir," she answered, pointing to the astonished barber. "There he stands. Here is my marriage certificate which you can peruse at your leisure. My servants here were witnesses to the ceremony. Now detain me one instant at your peril."

The warden was dumb-founded, and no wonder. Poor O'Reilly would have spoken, but neither party would let him. The lawyer round the corner was consulted, and the result was evident. In half an hour Lady Bertram was free, and Terence O'Reilly, her lawful husband, a prisoner for debt, to the awful amount of £50,000.

For some time Terence thought he was in a dream, and the creditors of the beautiful lady thought they were in a nightmare.

The following day they held a meeting, and finding how cleverly they had been tricked, they swore they would detain poor Terence for the whole term of his natural life. But second thoughts are best, and as they well knew, he had nothing, and would not feel much disinclination to go through the Insolvent court, they made the best of a bad bargain, and let him out.

Now, about a week after this, as poor Terence O'Reilly was sitting over his little fire, thinking of his late wonderful experiences, the postman brought him a letter, the first he had ever received in his life, and which he promptly took over to his friend Murphy, the grocer, because Murphy was a scholar, you see, which Terence was not. And this was the letter:

"Go to Doneraile and marry Kathleen Phelan. The instant the knot is tied, I fulfil my promise of making you comfortable for life. But as you value your life and liberty, never breathe a syllable of what has passed. Remember you are in my power if you tell the story. The money will be paid you directly you enclose me your marriage certificate. I send you £50 for present expenses."

And perhaps Terence didn't get drunk that same night, and start for Doneraile the next day with a sore head, but a light heart. He married Kathleen, and got the £1,000, took a cottage in the county of Limerick, and forgot his first wife entirely. He never told the story, even to Kathleen.

How my respected great-grandmother ever got hold of it, or how Lady Bertram ever managed to silence the warden and the parson and his clerk, not to speak of her own two servants, were points on which my deeply revered relative never seemed able to satisfy my curiosity.

GEORGEY CUTBERT STRANGE.

What the Editorial "We" Means.

What the editorial "we" means depends on who uses it. When the editor of a great metropolitan journal writes it, it is a very comprehensive term, signifying "I and the rest of the boys," including the base ball reporter, the printers, the elevator boy, and the carriers, not to speak of the pressman, the advertising solicitor, and the cigar-store Indian next door.

But when the editor of the Raccoon Hollow Weekly Expressor says, "We and our wife are entertaining our wife's mother for a few days," it becomes manifestly a more limited term, for it can hardly be supposed that the wife and mother are the wife and mother-in-law of the entire printing establishment.

The broadest use of the term, however, is exemplified when the editor of the Bull Gap Vindicator writes: "We are suffering with hog cholera in our midst." Obviously this is an impersonal "we."—Washington Post.

There is no more fruitful source of disease than vitiated food. It involves every organ and function of the body, and if not immediately corrected by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, sooner or later leads to fatal results. Be warned in time.—Advt.

Wearisome Aims, Too.

"What are you doing?" asked a chap of a man who was loading the barrel of a hand organ.

"Putting on airs," was the comprehensive reply.—N. Y. Sun.

THE FELON'S RETURN.

"Will you ask whether Mr. Graham will see a stranger?"

The clerk thus spoken to nodded, arose, and went into an inner office. The stranger remained, leaning against the walnut railings of the desk, his hand trifling with the little door that shut outsiders from the sanctum within.

He was a tall, fair man, with close-cropped hair and beard. His shoulders were broad, his features handsome, but there was an odd air about him that had puzzled the clerk, and would have perplexed anyone. It was something that could not be defined, but it pervaded the whole man; a suppressed look, as of one forced in some way to hide his feelings; a manner of standing and holding his hat which had something apologetic in it.

"Mr. Graham will see you, sir," said the clerk, returning and opening the little railed door. "In there; the office to the right."

The stranger passed into the room indicated, and closed the door behind him; then standing with his back against it, he fumbled with his hat in the same odd manner in which he had handled it in the outer office, and instead of speaking, looked at the gentleman behind the desk with eyes that had a measurably appeal in them.

The other did not rise from his chair, nor hold out his hand, nor even speak for some moments; each looked at the other, that was all. But it was the elder one, at the desk, who broke the spell at last.

"So," he said, "it is you, James?"

"Yes, it is I," said the other. "Haven't you a word for me, William?"

"I have a good many words that you might not like to hear," said William Graham. "I really can't say I'm glad to see you, delighted, honored, and all that, you know."

"I don't expect anyone to be glad," said the other. "I know I've disgraced the family, but I've been punished for it. Ten years, William—think of that!—ten years of prison life, and prison fare, and prison friends! I'd have given my soul to undo what I did, even before it was found out; and I never meant to keep the money."

"You were in a position of confidence; you betrayed it. It's the old affair. I've had it happen in my own office. I can't feel any sentimental pity for a fellow like you. What brings you here, James?"

Shifting his hat from hand to hand, looking from under his eyebrows in an abject fashion, pitiable to contemplate, when one saw in what a gentlemanly mould he had been cast, James Graham answered, "I was 25 when I went to prison. I'm 35 now. The outside world has been a blank to me all these years. I want work. I want you to give it to me—any honest work, William. I'm a good book-keeper, but I'll be porter, an errand man, anything."

"Oh, no; not anything here," said the elder. "You've reckoned without your own mind, James. You are no brother of mine. I cast you off when you became a felon. For the sake of the poor woman who called you 'son,' I'll give you some money, enough to live on for a week or two. I will never give you another penny—don't expect it. I will have you turned out if you come here again."

The prison taint was so strong upon the other man that his pride was not aroused yet; he fumbled with his hat, ground himself against the door, looked abjectly from under his eyebrows again, and asked, "How is sister Jessie?"

"Well," said the merchant.

"Can you tell me where she lives," asked his brother.

"No," said the merchant. "Jessie is married, and has tried to forget the terrible grief you gave her. You are the last person a respectable brother-in-law would care to see."

"I'll ask you one more question," said James, in a faltering voice. "Ada Musgrave—what has become of her? Is she living? Is she married?"

"I have no information for you," said the merchant, harshly. "Here are ten pounds. If you are careful you will get employment before it is gone. Remember, you'll not have another penny from my hands. Take it and go, and don't come back again!"

He flung the money down upon the table. But there was a spark of manhood in his brother's breast even yet; he could not take a gift so proffered.

Suddenly the abject look upon his face changed to one of wrath and hate.

Tall as he was, he seemed to grow a head taller as he drew his shoulders back; and, glaring at his brother, threw the sovereigns that lay before him into his face.

"Hang you, keep your money!" he said. "I don't want it. I don't want anything from you or anyone. I came for help, it is true; for help to be an honest man. I've been among the outcasts of the world so long that I've lost all kinship with you decent folk; but I thought a brother might hold out a hand to draw me back. You refused it. Money! Why, look at these hands, these shoulders—look at me! I can earn money somehow. And, by Heaven! if this is all your respectability and christianity amounts to, I don't care if I see no more of it. There are plenty to welcome me, and you have driven me to them. Remember that, son of my mother! You!"

He thrust his hat upon his head, and dashed out of the room, striding through the outer office with no heed of anyone there, and clanging the door behind him as he departed.

One dark night, a few weeks later, James Graham, in full fellowship with a gang of burglars, was receiving instructions from a companion how to enter and conceal himself in a house that had been marked for robbery. The lesson was given in front of the doomed house itself, and after his companion had left him, Graham muttered, "Yes, I belong to the fraternity now. I am here to rob this house. I have the mask and the pistol in my pocket. I have my little dark lantern, too. I'm a burglar, and burglars were the only men who welcomed me back out of prison. My brother turned his back on me. My brother! I wonder what my poor mother would say if she could see me now? If she knew —"

He stopped himself with a start—seemed, with a motion of his hand, to cast away the thoughts that were upon him—and in a moment more had mounted to the window indicated by his comrade; and, finding that it opened easily, had clambered in. His shoes were noiseless. He made no sound as he moved; and guiding him-

self by the lantern's light looked for a place of concealment. It soon presented itself. A long wardrobe with a door at either end. In this, behind a very curtain of suspended garments, he hid himself.

He heard, after a while, a baby cry, and in a minute more a step ran across the entry, and a ray of light glanced through the keyhole at one end of the wardrobe.

"Ada," cried a lady's voice, "come here. Baby is wide awake, and I can't leave him."

Then another rustle, another step, and there were two women very near him—so that he could almost hear them breathe.

"I'm so glad you came today, Ada," said the other, "when I'm all alone. Charles was called away so unexpectedly this morning! I declare the thought of that accident makes me ill, and I am nervous all alone in the house at night, dear. Besides being always glad to see you, I am so thankful to have you tonight."

"And I am never nervous, Jessie," said the other. "I am as good as a man about the house, mamma says. I've hunted imaginary burglars with a poker many a night. Mamma is always imagining burglars, dear soul."

"Don't speak of them," said the matron, who was evidently quieting her child, as only a mother can. "This house would be more of a temptation to them tonight than it has ever been before since we lived here."

"There are £2,000 in that safe, Ada. Charlie hadn't time to deposit it in the bank. They telegraphed that Mr. Bird might be dying."

As she made this confession, the man, concealed so near her, listened with his very heart in his ears; but it was not to the statement so well calculated to rejoice a burglar's heart. That was forgotten. He heard only the voices and the names these two women called each other by. Ada! That had been the name of the girl he loved! Jessie! That was his sister's name. After all, what was it to him? Like his brother, the latter had cast him off of course, and no doubt Ada still remembered him with horror. Still, how like the voices were. Could it be? He stole forward, and knelt down with his eye to the keyhole, but he could only see part of a woman's figure swaying to and fro as she rocked her infant on her bosom.

"Dear little fellow!" said the voice of the other woman. "How sweet babies are!"

She came forward now and knelt down, and he saw her profile. It was Ada Musgrave—older, for he had left her a girl of seventeen, and found her a woman of twenty-seven, but handsomer than ever.

"You love children so that I wonder you don't marry," said the matron; and now James Graham knew that it was his sister who spoke. "I know William wants you to marry him. He always has loved you. And, Ada, he can give you all that makes life happy."

James Graham's cheeks flushed in the darkness. He hated the word more than ever now. He hated his kinsfolk—this cruel brother and sister of his most of all.

"He cannot give me the one thing necessary for wedded happiness—love for him," said Ada. "No, Jessie; I have never said this to you before, but I must say it now. I loved poor James too well ever to love any other man while I know he lives."

"Ah, Ada," cried Jessie, stooping over her, "it is a comfort to me to know you still love my poor brother. I thought I was the only living being who still loved him."

And then James Graham, listening on the other side of the door, heard these two women weeping together, and for him.

"Yes, Ada," said his sister; "and though poor James is sadly disgraced, still when he returns I shall be glad to see him, and this shall be his home if he will, and my husband will help him to win back the place among good men that he lost so long ago. William is cruel to him, but then we women are softer. When he is free again, I trust he will come straight to us. I fear William would hurt him by some reproachful speech. He will be free very soon, Ada. But baby has fallen asleep again. Shall we go downstairs?"

The man who had stolen into the house to rob it—the man of whom they spoke—could bear no more; his heart was softened as it had not been since he had a little child. It was as if the angels had spoken to him.

Then he remembered why he was there; and, kneeling and kissing the door that lay between him and those dear women who had saved him from desperation, he crept away, and finding his way to the window which he had entered, he departed as he had come, entering to lead an honest life, and some time—perhaps when he was dying—to see these two dear creatures once again. At least, the memory of their looks and words would always keep his heart tender and his life pure, lonely as might be his lot.

With these thoughts in his mind he stood on the ground, and remembered with a pang what would arrive soon, and what their errand would be; and that, while he seemed to betray them, he must stand between them and their purpose, and save his sister's home, perhaps her life, from their hands.

He felt in his bosom for his pistol. He would not use it till the last, but he must stand between those women and all harm.

He knew well enough the unforgiving ferocity of those with whom he had to deal, and he muttered a little prayer for aid—the first he had breathed for many a year—as he heard soft footsteps approaching.

"He is opening his eyes," said a voice. James Graham heard it and wondered what had happened, and why he could not turn himself, and who spoke.

Then came the remembrance of a quarrel, a conflict, and the report of a pistol. He knew all now. His fellow-burglars had shot him and left him for dead. But where was he now?

"Ada, dear," said the voice again, "I think he is opening his eyes."

Then they did open, and James Graham saw two women bending over him.

"James," said one, "do you know sister Jessie?"

The other only burst into tears.

"Yes, I know you both," said he faintly. "How did I come here? I am so full of wonder. How did you know me?"

"We found you wounded—dead, we thought—at our gate," said Jessie. "It was Ada near you first. We don't know how it happened. When you are better you must tell us. Only we have you back, and you shall never go away again; never."

He knew he never would. He knew it

did not matter whether he told them how he had come to them now. He knew that in a little while he should neither see their faces nor know their voices, but he was very happy. A foretaste of heaven was given him.

"They have been terrible years," he said, "terrible years! All that while I never heard from you, but I have you now. Come closer. I can't see you very well. There's a mist before my eyes. I want Jessie to kiss me."

The sister flung her arms about his neck and kissed him over and over again. Then he turned to Ada Musgrave.

"If I were going to live I should not ask it," he said; "but you used to kiss me long ago, Ada. Will you kiss me now, my dear, just once more?"

She took him in her arms.

"God is very merciful," he said; "more merciful than man. Perhaps we shall meet again, darling."

These were the last words he ever said.

Among the many remedies for worms, McLean's Vegetable Worm Syrup takes the lead; it is the original and only genuine. Pleasant to take and sure in effect. Purely vegetable.—Advt.

He Forgot.

Eastern Man (in the West)—Why, I don't see much town here. In your letter, sir, you said that thirty stores, three hotels, four churches, and sixty churches had gone up in the last few months.

Real Estate Agent—That's all true, sir; they went up in smoke. I forgot to tell you that.—N. Y. Sun.

A Bolted Door

May keep out tramps and burglars, but not Asthma, Bronchitis, Colds, Coughs, and Croup. The best protection against these unwelcome intruders is Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. With a bottle of this far-famed preparation at hand, Throat and Lung Troubles may be checked and serious Disease averted.

Thomas G. Edwards, M. D., Blanco, Texas, certifies: "Of the many preparations before the public for the cure of colds, coughs, bronchitis, and kindred diseases, there are none, within the range of my experience and observation, so reliable as Ayer's Cherry Pectoral."

John Meyer, Florence, W. Va., says: "I have used all your medicines, and keep them constantly in my house. I think Ayer's Cherry Pectoral saved my life some years ago."

D. M. Bryant, M. D., Chicopee Falls, Mass., writes: "Ayer's Cherry Pectoral has proved remarkably good in croup, ordinary colds, and whooping cough, and is invaluable as a family medicine."

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STEAMERS.



FALL ARRANGEMENT.

For Washademoak Lake to Oromocto. UNTIL further notice the above favorite steamer will leave her wharf, Indiantown, every TUESDAY, THURSDAY and SATURDAY, at 10 a.m., local time.

Afternoon Service. Steamer OSCAR WILDE will leave Indiantown for Oromocto every TUESDAY, THURSDAY and SATURDAY, at 1 p.m.; returning leaves Oromocto MONDAY, WEDNESDAY and FRIDAY, at 7.30 a.m., calling at beautiful Gagetown both ways and all intermediate landings. Runs on west side Long Island. J. E. PORTER, Manager.

The Steamer "Clifton"

FOR THE REMAINDER OF THE SEASON, will make her regular trips on Mondays, Wednesdays and Saturdays, leaving HAMPTON at 5 o'clock, a.m., and INDIANTOWN at 3 p.m.

Steamer "BELLISLE"

WILL LEAVE "HEAD OF BELLISLE" every MONDAY, WEDNESDAY and FRIDAY morning, at 7 o'clock, for Indiantown. Returning, will leave wharf at Indiantown every TUESDAY, THURSDAY and SATURDAY, at 11.30 p.m. G. MABEE, Manager.

NOTICE.

Bay of Fundy Steamship Company. FOR the purpose of a General Overhauling preparatory to taking up the winter service, the S. S. "CITY OF MONTICELLO" will be taken off the Bay Route for TWO or THREE WEEKS, during which time the service will be continued by the "S. S. 'DOMINION'."

and the days of sailing will be Monday, Wednesday and Saturday, and the hours of sailing will be 7 A.M. H. D. TROOP, Manager.

RAILWAYS.

NEW BRUNSWICK RAILWAY.

"ALL RAIL LINE" TO BOSTON, &c.

"THE SHORT LINE" TO MONTREAL, &c.

Commencing October 7, 1889.

PASSENGER TRAINS WILL LEAVE INTER-COLONIAL RAILWAY Station, St. John, at 6.40 a.m.—Fast Express for Bangor, Portland, Boston, etc.; Fredericton, St. Stephen, St. Andrews, Houlton, Woodstock and points north.

PULLMAN PARLOR CAR ST. JOHN TO BOSTON. 17.00 a.m.—Accommodation for St. Stephen and intermediate points.

3.00 p.m.—Fast Express for Houlton and Woodstock, and via "Short Line" for Montreal, Ottawa, Toronto and the West. CANADIAN PACIFIC SLEEPING CAR TO MONTREAL. 14.45 p.m.—Express for Fredericton and intermediate stations.

18.45 p.m.—Night Express for Bangor, Portland, Boston and points west; also for St. Stephen, Houlton, Woodstock, Presque Isle. PULLMAN SLEEPING CAR ST. JOHN TO BANGOR.

RETURNING TO ST. JOHN FROM Montreal, 18.30 p.m. Can. Pac. Sleeping Car attached. Bangor at 16.00 a.m. Parlor Car attached. 11.20, 7.30 p.m. Sleeping Car attached. 11.20, 7.30 p.m. Woodstock at 11.15, 10.55 a.m.; 12.10, 15.15 p.m. Woodstock at 6.00, 11.00 a.m.; 11.30, 18.20 p.m.

Houlton at 6.00, 11.55 a.m.; 12.15, 18.30 p.m. St. Stephen at 19.20, 11.30 a.m.; 13.15, 11.20 p.m. St. Andrews at 16.45 a.m. Fredericton at 16.20, 11.20 a.m.; 13.20 p.m. Arriving in St. John at 5.45, 19.05 a.m.; 12.10, 17.10, 11.20 p.m.

LEAVE CARLETON FOR FAIRVILLE. 18.00 a.m. for Fairville. 1.430 p.m.—Connecting with 4.45 p.m. train from St. John. EASTERN STANDARD TIME. Trains marked † run daily except Sunday. ‡ Daily except Saturday. § Daily except Monday.

SHORE LINE RAILWAY!

St. Stephen and St. John.

EASTERN STANDARD TIME.

ON and after THURSDAY, Oct. 3, Trains will run daily (Sunday excepted), as follows: LEAVE St. John at 1 p.m., and Carleton at 1.25 p.m., for St. George, St. Stephen and intermediate points, arriving in St. George at 4.10 p.m.; St. Stephen, 6 p.m.

LEAVE St. Stephen at 7.45 a.m., St. George, 9.50 a.m.; arriving in Carleton at 12.25 p.m. St. John at 12.45 p.m. FREIGHT up to 500 or 600 lbs.—not large in bulk—will be received by JAS. MOULSON, 40 WATER STREET, up to 5 p.m.; all larger weights and bulky freight must be delivered at the warehouse, Carleton, before 5 p.m.

BAGGAGE will be received and delivered at MOULSON'S, Water street, where a truckman will be in attendance. W. A. LAMB, Manager. St. John, N. B., Oct. 2, 1889.

Intercolonial Railway.

1889—Summer Arrangement—1889

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